

ALL DOUBTS DISSIPATED.

WHAT CONVINCED A KENTUCKY GIRL THAT THE COLONEL REALLY LOVED HER.

From The Boston Journal.

"No woman," said the somewhat acrid lady, "should marry until she is sure the man who asks her to do so really loves her. And," she proceeded gloomily, "it is very hard to be sure of that."

"Perhaps so," replied the Kentucky lady. "But I was absolutely sure before I married."

"I don't see how you could be. It is so often happens that people do not know their own minds."

"There was no room for the doubt in this case. We were out sleighing the evening the Colonel proposed to me. I had refused him several times before, and I told him that I would always refuse him as long as I lived. We heard the jingle of bells behind us. The Colonel's horse, a thoroughbred of which he was very proud, quickened its pace at the sound. The Colonel looked around and exclaimed: 'Here's the chance I've been waiting for. That's Judge Penbrey behind us. He has been bragging about that new horse of his for the last six weeks, but whenever I tried to get him right down to a race he has dodged out of it somehow without acknowledging that this horse could beat him.'

"The Colonel slowed up so as to let the Judge overtake him. The Judge didn't dare refuse the challenge, because he had a girl with him. He would not allow himself to be humiliated in her eyes. As soon as the two sleighs were even, and Colonel gave our horse a cut with the whip, and away we went, the animals with necks eagerly extended and the people leaning over the dashboards trying to help them along. For a few seconds the horses' feet thumped on the road in perfect rhythm; then we began to move ahead. The village was about a mile distant, and the Colonel leaned out, turned and shouted:

"Judge, I'll see you at the postoffice!"

"The Judge gave his horse a blow with the whip, but he was already using all the speed he had. I turned around, half out of the sleigh, to keep a lookout. The sleigh struck a boulder and pitched me out into a snowdrift. I was not hurt, and I gave thanks when I saw the sleigh had not wholly overturned and was speeding on its way to the postoffice, still several lengths ahead of the Judge. Imagine my astonishment when I saw the Colonel slow up, let the Judge pass him and turn around.

"He was coming back after you," suggested one of the listeners.

"That's exactly what he was doing. And I concluded then and there that when a Kentucky gentleman was willing to lose a horse for my sake, there wasn't any excuse for doubting his affection."

ONE OF MR. STOCKTON'S STORIES.

From The Spectator (New-York).

At the annual dinner of Sorosis, given a few weeks ago at the Waldorf-Astoria, there were a number of prominent gentlemen present, this being the only occasion during the year when gentlemen are invited to partake of the hospitality of Sorosis. Needless to say it was a very elegant affair. A peculiarity of the after-dinner speaking was that a subject had been selected, and all speakers were expected to discuss that particular thing. The subject in substance was "What Incident or Thing Has Had a Marked Influence Upon Your Life?" Various speakers, women and men, responded to this topic, relating incidents that had had a marked influence upon them.

Among others was Frank R. Stockton, the well-known author. Mr. Stockton, in his quiet, droll way, went on to tell the story of a little girl who lived upon a farm and was very fond of all animals and all outdoor life, and was especially fond of horse-back riding. Whenever opportunity offered she was sure to climb upon a horse, with or without saddle, and take a gallop about the farm or in the roads.

He told how one day this little girl, being out in the fields, saw a horse running loose; she coaxed him up near the fence and jumped on his back. He grazed around and ran about the fields, to her great delight, but finally he saw that the stable door was being opened and he made a sudden break for the stable at the height of his speed. The young girl enjoyed this very much until she came near the stable, when she saw the door for which he was making was too low to permit him to pass through with her on his back. She was somewhat frightened, not knowing how to get off before the door was reached, but finally she slipped quietly from his back and landed on a heap of dirt without being especially injured.

"Now, this little incident, simple as it may seem," said Mr. Stockton, "had a wonderful influence upon my life, for that little girl grew up to be a woman, and twenty years later became my mother."

A STORY OF THE MAINE.

From The Chicago Record.

Captain Simsbie tells a good story of a man-of-war's man from the Maine, who was called before the Board of Inquiry to testify concerning his experience and observations at the time of the disaster. The old sea dog was solemnly sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and was then cautioned by Captain Sampson not to indulge in any hearsay statements, but to confine himself absolutely to what he saw and knew, without regard to what he had heard from others. After these impressive preliminaries Captain Sampson said:

"Now tell us what you know about the explosion of the Maine."

Jacky hitched his quid of tobacco from the left to the right cheek, hitched up his trousers and said:

"I was a-corking it off in me hammock (hammock) and heard a noise and waked up in the hospital. That's all I know about it, sir."

The court maintained its gravity and excused the witness. "Corking" is sailors' slang for sleeping. When they lie down upon the deck, as they often do for a snooze, figuratively speaking, they are corking the deck.

PLAYING SOLDIER.

From The Washington Star.

The small boys of Washington are playing soldier a good deal these days. It looks like rather a one-sided game. The lads who are a year or so ahead of their companions in years shove upon the latter the thickest roles of Spanish soldiers. Then they proceed to whack the Spanish soldiers. They don't use a great amount of strategy in defeating their opponents. They simply wade in and club them in spots where perhaps the Spanish need most to be "clubbed," and hand them around by the hair of the head and poke them with laths, and finally wind up by falling on them in a heap. The "Spanish" forces don't appear to enjoy this sort of thing very much, but they try to be as game as they can. One little fellow was observed to come out of a mob of this kind yesterday with blood in his eye. When the "American" soldiers let him up he scrambled for a pile of loose bricks and got half a brick in each hand. Then he mounted a little knoll—a brave little figure of a man, indeed—while the soldiery of the United States regarded him wonderingly. The little lad made his declaration.

"They," he said, "fun'n fun, but I'm thick o' thim kind o' fun. You fellows better keep away from me now, or them-things'll be goin' to happen 'round here, thure enough!"

They let him alone after that, and the game wound up by the remainder of the Spanish soldiery declining to play unless they were permitted to take the other side.

A GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

From The Sioux City Tribune.

"The longer I live," said the house physician of one of the big hotels, "the more I wonder at and admire the female stomach. That abused organ, cabined, cribbed and confined in a corset two sizes too small, can stand more hard knocks than any pugilist that ever stepped into the ring. The average woman at a hotel has the choice of a world of things to eat and does not know in the least what to eat. Here is a list of the things that were stowed away at my table the other day by a spirituelle creature weighing not more than one hundred pounds and measuring seventeen inches about the middle: Soup, fish with rice sauce,

olives, sliced cucumbers, sweetbreads, turkey with chestnut dressing, grouse, asparagus, new potatoes, cauliflower with cheese, two helpings of lobster Newburg, lemon jellied, ice cream, cakes, Roquefort cheese and coffee. The liquids were a glass of white wine and a quart bottle of beer, which she shared with her father. No, I was not called in to attend her. That is her usual performance. I weigh one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and take a great deal of exercise. My dinner consisted of a light soup, stale bread, a liberal portion of beef, some peas, asparagus, cheese and coffee. That was plenty, if not too much. And women will drink sherry, milk punches, cocktails and other heavy concoctions and perhaps feel the effects of them, too. But they get over it quickly."

JUDGE DILLON IN KANSAS.

From The Kansas City Journal.

Ex-Judge Dillon delights in telling anecdotes of the days when he was on the United States Circuit bench and held court in Kansas. He lately told the story to some New-York friends of a jury in his court at Leavenworth which tried a Brown County woman who was charged with selling whiskey without a Government license. It was shown by the testimony that the woman was in the

Planters' Hotel, when he walked up to the table where his Honor was sitting and said:

"Judge Dillon, I regard you as the best equity judge in the United States, but as a jury you are the d—dest failure I ever heard of!"

INTERESTING BAPTISMS.

From The Atlantic Constitution.

We get this item from "The Laundburg Exchange":

"The preacher had baptized Jerry Davis, and was raising him up, when in some unaccountable way both were tripped and thrown into a very deep hole where they disappeared. It took the combined efforts of three from the shore to their rescue to save them."

The above recalls an incident at a Georgia baptizing some time ago. A colored preacher held a candidate under the water somewhat longer than the usual time. When the latter regained his feet he spluttered:

"What de devil you hold me under so long fer?"

"Why you livin' scoundrel, you!" exclaimed the preacher, "ain't you got de devil outen you yet?"

And down the fellow went again! But, in struggling, he got the best of the preacher, holding him down until he was nearly strangled.

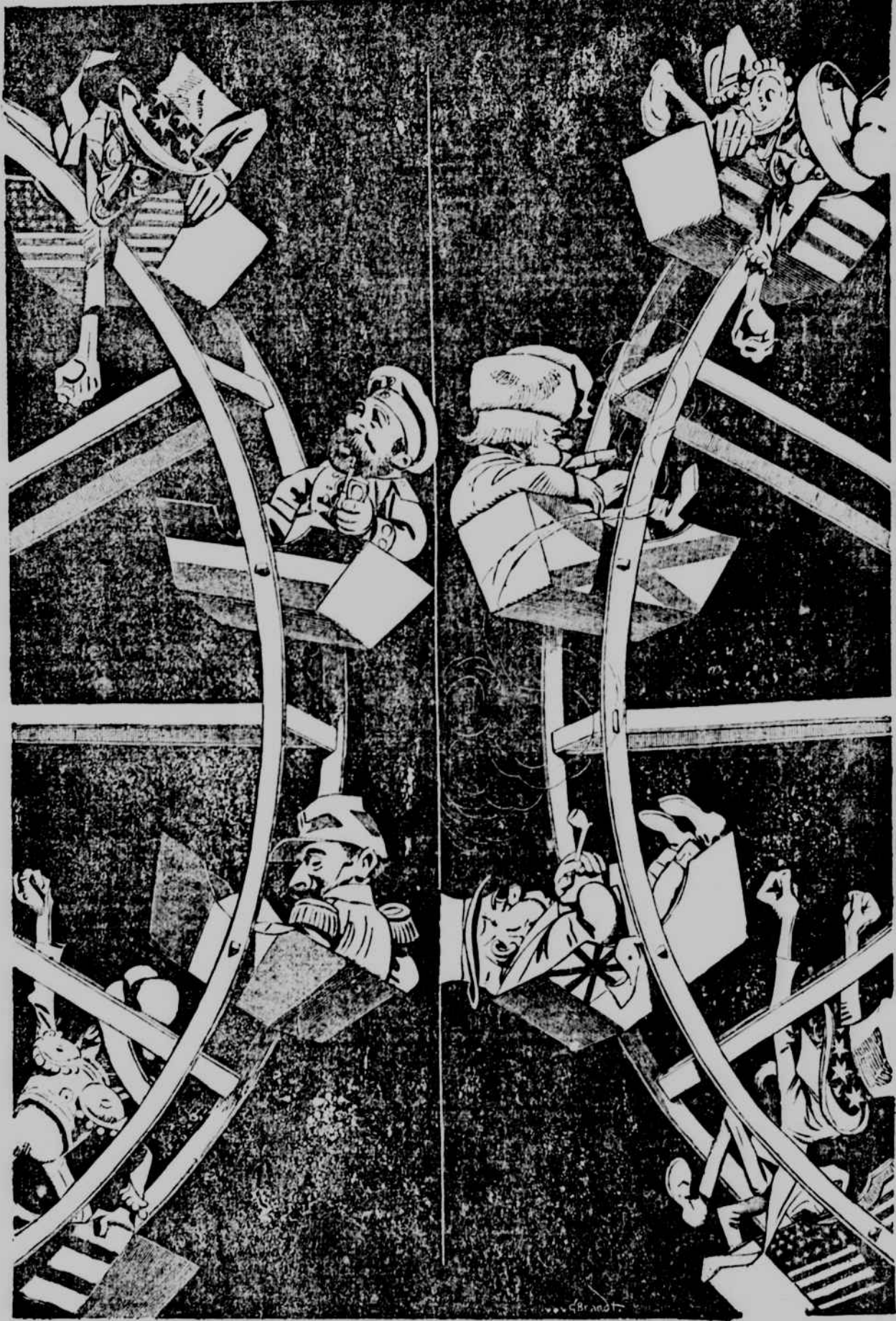
The agent departed and the farmer went on crying about a trespass suit that he was sure would be brought against him. A few days later he received a letter from headquarters, and upon opening it with trembling hands he discovered, to his surprise, a summons for a suit in trespass, but a check for \$25 for the loss of his cow and an annual pass on the road, the letter stating that he was the man that had ever had a cow killed on the road that did not swear she was a registered thoroughbred worth \$150.

A LUNATIC TURNS THE TABLES.

HE STEALS AN OFFICER'S TICKETS TO TAKE HIM TO THE ASYLUM.

From The Chicago Inter Ocean.

Governor Adams's (of Colorado) private secretary, Rod King, will probably never forget his experience in conveying Oscar Hake, a lunatic, to the Colorado State Asylum. Mr. King is a man who never knew what fear was, and had Hake been a raving maniac he would not have hesitated. However, when he found at the city jail a mild, suave gentleman he wondered at first how the latter could ever have been mistaken for a lunatic. He soon found out.



THE SPANISH SITUATION AS SEEN IN GERMANY.

SPAIN—JUST WAIT TILL I GET UP THERE!

SPAIN—JUST WAIT TILL I GET DOWN THERE!—(Illustrated)

habit of concocting a medicine from whiskey and herbs, which she sold to neighboring farmers. This was the jury's verdict: "We do hereby find the defendant not guilty, but we warn her that if she does not cease the practice she is likely to go to jail."

Once upon a time there was a happening in Judge Dillon's court at Leavenworth which, so far, he has never embodied in any of his anecdotes. A man had been indicted for stealing Government mules from Fort Hays. Judge Horton was then United States District Attorney, and "Tom" Fenlon, the well-known Leavenworth lawyer, appeared for the defense. It happened when the case was reached on the docket that two juries were already out, and Judge Dillon remarked that the case would have to be postponed until one of them came in. Mr. Fenlon stated that the defendant was ready to go to trial before the Court without a jury, and with this waiver the case went to trial. The Government officers testified to the prisoner's guilt in a manner that appeared to be conclusive, but in rebuttal the prisoner produced a great gang of pals who clearly proved an alibi. When Judge Dillon came to deliver his verdict, he said: "While the preponderance of testimony appears to be greatly in favor of the accused, I am, nevertheless, convinced of his guilt, and will so decide."

"Tom" Fenlon was divided between astonishment and anger. He said nothing, however, until he met the Judge at the dinner table that day in the

When the preacher finally "got his balance," he stood up and said:

"Brudder Williams, please, sub, wade out ter me will dem life-preservers. Some er dese niggers is so strong dey'll drown me fo' I gits throe wis' um!"

AN HONEST FARMER'S REWARD.

From The Madison (S. D.) Leader.

Now, don't all try it. A cow belonging to a farmer residing near Carthage, we regret we cannot recall his name, strayed on to the Northwestern Railroad track and was run down and killed by a train. The farmer decided his cow had trespassed on the company's property and had received her just deserts, so he gave the section men a dollar to bury her and say no more about it. The matter was reported to headquarters in the regular course of business, and soon afterward an officer of the company called on the farmer.

"You had a cow killed on the track a few days ago, didn't you?" "Yes, sir," timidly replied the farmer, thinking he was up against a soulless corporation in a suit for trespass. "Well, how did it happen?" "I'm sure I don't know; the cow got out of the pasture and got on to the track and was killed; it wasn't my fault; I paid the section men a dollar to bury her, so the company isn't anything out."

"How much was the cow worth?" "Oh, she was just a good fair cow, worth about \$25."

When the conductor came to collect the fare Secretary King was treated to a surprise. In so manner the lunatic had succeeded in getting out of Mr. King's overcoat pocket his pocketbook, containing tickets for the Governor's private secretary and one Oscar Hake. As the conductor approached Hake spoke up.

"I am taking this man down to Pueblo, conductor," he said, confidentially and in an undertone. "He's insane and has got an idea that the Governor's private secretary, Rod King, has snatched him. I can take care of him."

King protested long and vigorously, but the conductor looked at him pityingly and said: "I don't keep quiet well; I have to lock him up in a closet." Rod's captor looked at him. "You know what the conductor says?" said he, in a condescending way. "I don't want to have to put handcuffs on you, but if you don't keep still I will."

There was not a soul on the train acquainted with King. Recognizing that the situation was hopeless, he subsided. Arriving at Pueblo, the lunatic conducted his victim up the street, waiting him closely for fear lest he should break away. It seemed to Rod that he would never come across a man he knew. He finally did so, an old-time Populist friend of his from Leadville. When he had finally got the attention of his friend he succeeded in explaining to him the situation, and the Hake's game was up.